

1: Burrows--43.
116, 276

(1947-48)

Woleaians
Ifalik

"Two kinds of pepper plant (gabwi) grow on the island. One of them is said to be the right kind (piper betle) to chew with betel nut. There are a very few, perhaps a half dozen, small betel palms (Areca catechu) on the island. But chewing betel is not a local custom. The other kind of pepper is not used as a drug, so far as is known.

The natives are fond, perhaps overfond, of tobacco. A few plants are coaxed up through the coral gravel on house platforms, but nearly all the tobacco is imported. Even neighboring atolls, as Faraulep and Ngulu, export 'Caroline smoke' to Ifalik."

1: Burrows--128°

116, 276, 439

(1947-48)

Woleaians

Ifalik

"Native tobacco is imported from several of the nearest atolls, which seem able to grow more of it than Ifalik, though the soil can not be very hospitable on any of them. Faraulep and (this from memory) Lamotrek were mentioned as sources of tobacco."

2: Damm et al. --33 [3]
116, 276

(1909) 1938

Woleaians
Ifaluk

The natives enjoy tobacco (dāmāko).

2: Damm et al. --168 [5]
116, 177, 276

(1909) 1938

Woleaians
Faraulep

Aside from the foods, the natives have a few extras, and first on the list comes tobacco (tomáxo); it can not be strong enough to suit them. This plant was introduced from Guam, and now it is grown on the island, but the American twist tobacco is preferred.

3: Thilenius and Hellwig--350
116, 276, 438

(1909-10) 1927

Woleaians
Lamotrek

The natives almost begged for tobacco, and Krämer made high offers; but they rather denied themselves the pleasure of tobacco and kept their good articles for themselves. Krämer offered, for instance, 6 pounds of tobacco for a good Aúrepik belt, but without success.

6: Senfft--55

116, 276

(no date) 1905

Woleaians

Woleai

Lamotrek

The only stimulant used is tobacco which, before the natives had much contact with whites, was a great luxury since it had to be imported from the Marianas on canoes, an undertaking which took several months. Today even the children smoke. The cigarettes consist of twisted banana leaves.

12: Lutke--300

(1828) 1835

Woleaians

116, 276, 177

Woleai

Several of them asked for cigars, something that we had not noticed here before.

28: Spiro--4 [3]
116, 177, 276

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians
Ifalik

"One of the earliest of borrowed traits was tobacco, which the Spanish introduced into Guam, and which thereafter spread throughout the entire area. Ifalik grows some tobacco, but not nearly enough for its needs, and, consequently, obtains its tobacco by trade with some of the other islands in the area, such as Faraulep and Lamotrek. The tobacco is smoked as a cigarette, being rolled in banana leaves."

28: Spiro--22
622, 276, 522, 576

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-1-2
Ifalik

"At the conclusion, Wolptau distributed tobacco and American cigarettes to all the people assembled. The distribution of tobacco is an invariable, unqualifiedly universal feature of Ifaluk social life, it being distributed after every political meeting, religious ceremony, communal work. It is to be noted, also that the cigarettes that Commander Kenney, the Commanding officer on Yap, had given to the chiefs as personal gifts, were not kept by them, but were given to their people. This distribution followed the pattern of all such distributions--the chief would call the name of each district, and any adult male would respond for his district, obtain the tobacco from the chiefs, and then pass it among his fellows--male and female alike. But the cigarettes, Wolptau distributed personally, and as he approached the women, who of course were seated apart from the men, he spoke to them, warning them not to defecate on the ground, but to retire to the lagoon, and if this were too difficult, they were to use a basket for this purpose and then dispose of the faeces in the lagoon. This speech, delivered with a broad grin on his face, evoked wide laughter, and when he repeated it the second time, the entire people burst into a spontaneous cheer. This little incident is very significant for an understanding of Ifaluk chieftanship, and gives real insight into the intimate relationship that obtains between chief and people. Some of the psychological implications of this relationship will be

28: Spiro--22
622, 276, 522, 576

(1947-48) 1949✓

Woleaians-2
Ifalik

dealt with in another connection, but here I wish to point out the psychological meaninglessness of a bold ethnographic statement to the effect that a society is governed by a chief or chiefs, for this rubric covers a multiplicity of political realities from the formal, West African potentate to the informal, fatherlike person, just described. "

"Possession is called alusemar bwuter, literally, the benevolent alus has arrived. It is marked by a kind of convulsive seizure, called zagogo or chato alus, in which there seems to be a high degree of dissociation, which may last for quite a long time.

Possession can occur in both men and women. It is a relatively infrequent phenomenon, however, and occurs only at night. In our seven month stay on Ifaluk, there were only several possessions. Almost invariably, the person possessed, some other member of his household, or perhaps Arogeligar announces the possession by blowing shrill blasts on a whistle (obtained from the Japanese and Americans). At the sound of the whistle, other people may assemble in the courtyard of the one possessed. At other times, the possession may become infectuous so that others become possessed, in a minor sense. They become 'happy' and the entire group joins in the singing of a chapeng, a religious song, or hymn, and then the young men may walk through the village singing.

I do not mean to examine the causes of possession at this time, but merely wish to point to two relevant factors, cultural and physiological. The few possessions that we witnessed followed immediately upon a major religious ceremony, their occurrence at that time being, therefore no 'accident'. In other words, the influence of the ceremony, at which the alus are evoked, acted as a strong stimulant, in which suggestion played a major role. Secondly, possession occurs only at night, after the people have consumed

28: Spiro--53

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-2

116, 787, 276

Ifalik

large quantities of toddy. The toddy, particularly the fermented kind, is a strong stimulant, and induces a state of mind corresponding to what we call being 'high'. The persons possessed were all 'high', and very obviously under the influence of the toddy, as we shall see in a moment. "

28: Spiro--145-146
116, 512, 276, 461

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-1-3
Ifalik

"Unless there is something special the men are doing in the way of communal construction or communal fishing, their average day involves no special commitments. Usually they go to the canoe houses, where they may make rope, or may just sit around talking, (5) gossiping, and smoking (6) or perhaps take a nap. Rope making is [146] probably the activity that consumes most of a man's time. While making rope, of course, the men continue their conversations. Often, however, they just sit in the canoe-houses,

"5. The people rarely, if ever, sit on the bare ground. They always sit on a mat, and if there is none around, they will sit on a coconut husk, or any other object that happens to be about. At first I thought that sitting on the bare ground is tabooed behavior, perhaps the soil is holy. Upon inquiring I discovered the real reason is much more prosaic. The natives simply do not like the feeling of the damp ground. I must have seemed boorish to the people when I first came, because I would sit on the ground without bothering about a mat or a coconut husk.

6. [See following sheet for footnote 6.]"

28: Spiro--145-146

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-2

116, 512, 276, 461,

Ifalik

"6. [Footnote p. 146] Smoking is a cooperative enterprise. When a person lights a cigarette, he invariably passes it to the person near him, after he has smoked a short time. That person, in turn, passes it on, so that it might change hands five or six times until it is consumed. When we first arrived on the island, I not only did not pass on my cigarette, but I would put out my cigarette butt, rather than pass it on. I soon noticed the questioning look on the faces of the people at this anti-social behavior. It was not till a few weeks had passed that I learned the native pattern, and conformed to it."

28: Spiro--145-146
116, 512, 276, 461

(1947-48) 1949

Woleaians-3
Ifalik

engaging in no activity at all, not even talking. This is quite strange from a western perspective, where a congregation of people always leads to conversation. The Ifaluk men, however, may sit for long periods of time, just staring into space. In any event, the canoe house is the place where men spend a great deal of their waking hours. It is really, as we have already indicated, the men's club house, as well as the locale for most economic activity. That the canoe-house serves a basic social need is indicated by the fact that men never make rope at home. The twisting of rope involves no great activity nor is it messy, and could very well be done at home, either in the house or alongside it. The reason for going to the canoe-house, therefore, is entirely for the purpose of conviviality. "

293 a small tube of yellow oxide of mercury out of that same purse, and ask me what it was for. When I explained, he graciously gave the tube to Tom, who had granulated eye-lids.

000 On Sunday (it was the 5th of July by then) I was just contemplating a siesta after a hard morning of mapping, when the peace of the island was broken by cries of "sail-ho" picked up and relayed from the windward side of Falalap across to Falarik in no time at all. Bakal arrived almost as fast as the cries, all out of breath, with Tony soon after, to report that it was a big Navy ship with the number "59" on the prow. The busy crossroads again.

We got out the walkie-talkies, but all we could hear was the "testing," "testing" of one another. The ship wasn't talking. Maroligar dragged a brand new American flag out of the chest by the Fan Nap altar, passing over two tattered ones that had been lying on top, and with Don's help tried to get it on the flagpole, which had been considerably damaged by the typhoon. They finally achieved a sort of half-mast effect—to the considerable puzzlement of the ship's captain, it turned out later.

Ted decided not to let anything as routine as a Navy visit to Ifaluk interfere with his siesta. Don and I, less blasé, haunted the beach until the grey hulk of a destroyer emerged from behind Falalap to anchor off the pass. A small boat put off immediately. When it beached, it turned out to have several cases of equipment identifiable as belonging to Bob Rofen. The crew said there was more cargo aboard. Don hardly dared believe that this might include his missing equipment. He and I went back to the ship with the boat and there, sure enough, were Don's drums, so carefully and lovingly packed in Pacific Grove months before.

We went into the wardroom and had coffee with the officers and told them all about Ifaluk. We borrowed paper, envelopes and stamps to surprise our wives with letters. When Ted came aboard, bringing money, we bought as many cartons of cigarettes as we could at the ship's stores, but this was the only thing we could think of that might be useful. The Ifalukian consumption of cigarettes was enormous—
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439 every adult on the island had the nicotine habit—and we were the

Mapping the Boondocks

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only source of supply, since no trade ship had visited the island for some months.

The captain went ashore on the final trip of the ship's launch. Most of the local population was assembled on the temple grass by the Fan Nap, all decked out with garlands in the hair and wreaths over the shoulders. I introduced the captain to Fagolier. It was a pleasure to watch the chief on such an occasion. He didn't need clothing for dignity: composed and calm, he always seemed pleased to meet the visitors, murmuring the correct phrases in Ifalukian, with no hint of the naked savage meeting civilization. Rather, the overdressed foreigners seemed awkward and out of place.

The captain photographed everyone, called in the sailors who had been wandering around, and took off. We all went down to the beach to see them go, but unhaunted by any desire to be going along. Don, of course, was terribly pleased to get his missing equipment: and I should have been pleased too, since I came to depend on that equipment for the rest of the summer.

That evening there was dancing. Ted thought at first that it was the children, but it turned out to be the young men, lined up by a bonfire, practicing for some big event that they planned presently. I popped flashbulbs at the dancers and Don and Ted watched, while the mosquitoes drained their blood away—another flaw in paradise. The scene was wild and lovely, the dark backdrop of the coconut palms fitfully lit up by the fire, the row of naked bodies trimmed with flowers and anklets and bracelets of coconut leaves, the inflected chanting, the stomping, clapping and rhythmic movement. Don learned pretty well to get the nice resonance that they produced by clapping the cupped right hand against the inside of the bent left arm.

Don got sore at me for popping flashbulbs—he said it spoiled the atmosphere, was an insult to the Ifalukians, and so forth. I suppose I felt sheepish about intruding with a camera myself—but I had thought I was doing my duty in getting a photographic record. Anyway, I took off with my camera in a huff and kept a residuum of photographic inhibition all of the rest of the summer. The camera is a curious thing that way—it takes gall or cheek or impertinence to get good pictures

Fishing—and Bakaltzing

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spaced canoes with a line. A large V-shaped seine was set in the middle of the semicircle, its bottom and sides over one of the ravines. When all was ready, groups of men on the reef at each end of the semicircle started hauling in on the rope, bringing the two ends continually closer together, so that eventually a big circle was formed with the off-shore edge just in back of the apex of the seine. 226

Everyone was in the water except the men hauling on the ends of the rope, the canoes being pulled along as the circle contracted. Everyone who owned them wore goggles, and with goggles the whole theory of the operation was clear. The frightening line of weaving fronds moved slowly along the bottom, driving hordes of fish of all colors, shapes and sizes before it. The swimmers followed along with the rope, and as the circle got smaller and smaller and the water more and more shallow, the circle of swimming men formed an additional barrier above the palm fronds. The fish, milling frantically inside the barrier, were finally driven into the seine, which was then closed, pulled up between two canoes, and the contents ladled into another canoe with a dip net. When the seine was up, many of the men went in with spears and dug out the fish hiding among the coral boulders.

This process was repeated three times during the day, the canoes and seine being moved each time to a new position along the reef. The total catch for the day was one of the middle-sized canoes about half full of fish. This was not regarded as a really good catch, but everyone seemed reasonably happy, and the fishing expedition, accompanied by a great deal of laughter and horseplay, was a fine combination of business and pleasure.

The BWUP with its passengers was sent in over the reef ahead of the rest, since it was so slow. The whole flotilla had moved around the reef toward the north end of Falarik during the course of the day, and the BWUP, on the way home, pulled in to this part of the island, where Yani and Bakal scouted for drinking coconuts. We all sat, relaxed, on the trunk of a fallen coconut for our drinks, and for the first cigarettes of the day. Because smoking before or during a fishing expedition is taboo. [226] [226]

The canoes came dashing home across the lagoon in fine style and by the time we got to the Fan Nap the canoe-load of fish had been